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## DAILY RECORD-UNION

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1890

ISSUED BY THE  
SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

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Outside of San Francisco, they have no competitors either in influence or home and general circulation throughout the State.

The readers of the RECORD-UNION leaving the city for the heated term can have the paper sent to their address for 65 cents per month, postage prepaid.

San Francisco Agencies.

This paper is for sale at the following places: L. P. Fisher's, room 2, Merchants' Exchange, California street; the principal News Stands and Hotels; and at all Mail-Order Firms.

Also, for sale on all Trains leaving and coming into Sacramento.

THE ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY PROPOSITION.

Application has been made to the City Trustees for a modification of the charter of the Central Street Railway Company, so as to permit it to use the overhead electric motor system for propelling its cars.

If this is granted the company will be able to bring into the management the proprietor of the overhead system of street railway now in successful operation in the city of San Jose, and from that city to Santa Clara, over seven miles of rails.

The claim is made that through the business streets the overhead wire can be put up without the planting of any poles, since it is the belief that the company can rent the privilege of using the poles of the Electric Light Company now furnishing street lights.

We trust that the new proposition will receive the thoughtful attention of the Trustees, and that unless insuperable objections arise the modification requested will be allowed.

There are several reasons for such action. In the first place any system of street railway that is operated by one motor power is of greater use to the people than when the motive power for each car is independent. The regularity and certainty and speed of the movement of a street car are the elements that chiefly concern the public. Far greater numbers of people will use the cars if they feel assured that the vehicles will pass given points on time, and that they will make their trips at fair speed and with regularity.

When the citizen knows that he can depend upon a trip being made within an exact time, and that he is not dependent in keeping his engagements upon the arrival and departure of a car that is liable to make or lose time, as the capacity of the horse that draws it, and the calculation of the driver may determine, he will ride. If on the contrary he feels doubt about the time the trip will consume, and of the prompt arrival and departure of the cars, he will forego his car ride, or seek some other conveyance. The cable system of roads has proved this to be true, and has demonstrated that the regularity, speed and certainty of the system insures some thirty per cent. more of patronage than horse-cars receive. The cable system and the electric system differ only in the method of the application of power, and the character of the power applied.

The overhead wire street-car system has proved successful wherever tried. In Seattle, in Portland, in Denver, in San Jose, complete success has met the setting up of the system, and all objections raised to it have vanished before its practical operation. In the light of experience our own action should be taken. If, therefore, these other cities are satisfied with the electric roads, and on trial have become attached to them in preference to the horse-car, let us accept the evidences of the worth of the system and permit it to be tried here. Of course it is not desirable to incur the expense of any more poles than are absolutely necessary, but as we have said, we are assured that the poles already in the streets can be used, and that only where the line deviates from the lines of poles now planted will new ones have to be set. The objection, and it is the chief one, is, therefore, put aside since we are not to have any greater street obstruction than we now have.

We believe that the new system should be permitted here, because the certainty and regularity already spoken of will have a direct and potential influence upon the prosperity of the city. It will give fair value to outside property, make it more desirable for residences, and thus enlarge the capacity of the man of modest means to own a home. This in turn will stimulate building, and the most of the trades will be conserved. It will add to the comforts of the people, notably of those who have no other means of riding than by the street car; it will augment the metropolitan character of the city, and will be a great convenience to the business men, as by the increased speed at which the cars can be run, time will be saved that is of the highest value to the busy man.

From all standpoints it appears to us that it will be a wise thing to do to grant the charter modifications asked for. Of course any change in the charter rights should be unmistakably expressed, and all the rights of the city protected. All matters relative to the use and care of the streets, the planting of poles, the keeping up of

wires, the protection of the people from possible dangers by reason of the use of the wires, regularity, frequency, and the speed of the trips, the hours within which the cars should be run, and all similar matters should be carefully guarded and clearly set forth, and the company be bound to keep all its terms to the letter, and to give us a first-class service in all respects.

## THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The evidences are, from present observation, that the Republican State Convention now in session in this city, is the most independent of any that have assembled in this State for twenty years or more.

Despite all the chatter of a host of correspondents, whose chief aim appears to be to pad out and fill space in the columns of metropolitan contemporaries, and who, to that end, send to print no end of silly stuff and absurd speculation, the fact is apparent that there are no delegations to the Convention boss-ridden or led around by the nose. The spirit of independence and free contention is manifest in the hot and cold of rival candidates, and the remarkable spirit with which the delegates among themselves do battle for it. In a controlled Convention, with delegations held in the leash, there are evidences of repression, or of domination, of cow, that are unmistakable, and that cannot be hidden. In many years' experience in studying the behavior of men acting in the capacities of delegates to the Convention fill, we do not recall an instance where there was such perfect freedom and independence of control or of the domination of ruling spirits. All which argues well for the people who are to judge it. For this party legislative body is thoroughly representative, intellectually strong, and strikingly commends itself by the gentlemanly and manly appearance and carriage of its membership. We think it is simply putting it without color to say that the Convention is a highly intelligent, thoroughly practical, a business-like and eminently representative assemblage, one that does honor to the party and is a credit to the citizenship of the State. No body so large as this Convention, and representing politics, could well be without a showing in its composition of the trading and professional politicians, the sergeants, corporals and privates of corner and ward politics. Of these it has its share, and as a sprinkling of men who assume captaincies and a species of leadership. But taken as a whole, it is not a led nor a driven Convention, judged by the mass of sturdy, head-up, manly, bustling, intelligent and independent men who are delegates in it. We may mistake the character of the body, since human judgment is fallible, but if it errs in this case it will be in the face of decades of practiced observation and trained criticism of the bearing, the speech, and the faces of men.

## PURCHASING ARMY DISCHARGES.

Under a recent Act of Congress, it is now possible for a United States soldier dissatisfied with his position to buy his discharge. The law has been assailed by some of the Press as unwise, but the experience of other nations appears to justify the new policy. It is intended to, and probably will, effect a decrease in desertions, for it opens a reputable avenue for retiring from the service.

Under the rules of the War Department just promulgated, no application for discharge under the Act will be received from soldiers who have served less than one year, for as a rule it takes a year for a recruit to settle in his own mind if the service is one for which he has no taste. This will, it is believed, almost wholly kill off the desertions of one-year men—and these constitute seven-tenths of the desertions—for it will induce the men to serve a twelvemonth, rather than be put under the liability of arrest and punishment for desertion.

In fixing the price to be paid, the War Department is to ask no more than will reimburse the Government for the cost of recruiting the man and transporting him to his company. If he serves faithfully for three years, however, he may be discharged on application without any payment to the Government and have three months' furlough besides, although his enlistment may have been made for five years. It is found that \$120 will be necessary to reimburse the Government and secure the discharge of one-year men, and that \$5 less for each month over one year can be taken, until three years have elapsed, when the soldier can go free, if he wishes.

The sum of \$4 a month is now to be retained from the soldier's pay for the first year, as security against desertion, so that he will have \$72 to raise if he wishes to retire after twelve months' service. But if he remains two years, his discharge will cost him only \$60 gross to pay if he wishes to retire, and \$48 of this amount he will have in hand.

If the new law operates as it friends anticipate, enlistments will be encouraged and desertions decreased, and as a consequence a better tone will be given to the service and better men will enter it.

The opposition press has diligently circulated the story that President Harrison's "Cottage by the Sea" was presented to him, and that he accepted it from a group of contributors to a fund for that purpose. William V. McKean of the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, has written a letter to the press, saying that the exact facts are these: A fund to buy the cottage was raised and presented to General Harrison. Thereupon he returned the same, declining to receive the cottage as a gift or otherwise than by purchase with his own means. His family desiring the place, he then purchased it, paying \$8,000 for it and \$2,000 for the furniture. The *Philadelphia Record*, a Democratic paper, thereupon has the fairness to say: "A letter from such a source, written in such explicit terms, should suffice to make an end of the matter."

The death of Cardinal Newman removes one of the most famous men of the country. No religious leader of the age has more deeply impressed it, and not one other has had more of human sympathy, or so much of reverence. The purity of his life, the sincerity of his convictions, the breadth of his sympathies, have had

no parallel among clericals. He was the one Catholic of all the world who had the fullest measure of the profound respect, the affection and the reverence of the English Protestant. He was a man of remarkable genius and of brilliant scholarly attainments, but he was the most modest, unselfish and retiring of men. He never sought honor or place, he sought him; he was no politician, and as a churchman he had not even the ordinary measure of policy in his composition. He loved truth with passionate ardor, and regarded it among the virtues as the very seat and front of godliness. The Roman Catholic Church in all its eventful history never drew from Protestant ranks so able a man, so sincere a priest, so brilliant a theologian, so inoffensive a life or so virtuous an example as in the winning of John Henry Newman.

The guards at San Quentin should be drilled daily in sharp-shooting. We suggest that dummies of men be set up and that the guards be required to practice daily upon the men of straw and acquire sufficient skill, if possible, to hit a space as large as the human figure at short range. It appears that when the three escaped convicts broke from custody on Monday, two Gatling guns and nine rifles, all in the hands of guards of the prison, played upon the escapes for some time, but not a bullet hit the mark, while the convicts killed a guard's horse and shot an officer through the hand. This sort of shooting by State guards is shameful. The Gatling gun is supposed to scatter sufficiently to hit a barn door at a hundred yards, when it is swinging like a pendulum through a hundred feet of space. But in the hands of the San Quentin guards, two Gatling guns appear to have been less effective than would a boy's pop gun.

The news is at hand that a portion of the specifications and plans for the new Government building to be erected in this city are now in the hands of the Postmaster, and that bids for the construction of the basement are to be received until September 10th. It is reasonable to conclude that it is the intention of the Washington authorities to have the foundations for the building laid this fall. That would be wisdom, as it is easier to lay foundations here at the low stages of water in the river. Greater depth is then attainable and the walls that subsequently rise upon foundations that have a wet season in which to settle and season are more secure.

## RED BLUFF RACES.

Horses that will compete at the District Fair this month.

The following are the entries to the races to take place at the coming district fair to be held at Red Bluff, August 19th to August 23rd, inclusive, as officially reported by M. R. Hook, Secretary of the Association:

FIRST DAY.

Race No. 1. Trotting—Two-year-olds: W. R. Merrill, Willows, names b. in. Maid.

G. W. Woodward, Yolo, b. m. Lucy B. S. Simpson, Chico, b. g. Wayland W. Kace No. 2. Trotting—Three-minute class—Free for all.

Wm. Doty, Madison, br. g. Billy Doty. W. M. Billups, Colusa, b. g. C. C. Peart. F. C. Snider, Washington, b. m. Videlle. T. E. Keating, Sacramento, ch. g. Frank M.

Race No. 3. Running—Half-mile and one mile—Free for all.

D. F. Hill, Red Bluff, b. m. Kiteha. John G. Lohn, Oakland, ch. g. Wild Robin.

J. E. King, Woodland, ch. g. Joker. Tietjens & Watkins, Sacramento, s. g. Roseburg.

R. H. Newton, Woodland, s. g. R. H. P. SECOND DAY.

Race No. 4. Not filled. Will make special race instead.

Race No. 5. Trotting—2:40 class, free for all.

Tietjens & Watson, Sacramento, b. s. Frank B.

W. R. Merrill, Willows, b. m. Annie E. C. Bigelow, Yolo, br. m. Laura Z. C. O. Thornquest, Oakland, b. s. Deacon.

T. J. Powers, San Francisco, b. s. Queen of the West.

The Sagarbush Trotting Nursery, Carson City, br. s. Alpha.

Race No. 6. Running—One mile dash—Free for all.

D. F. Hill, Red Bluff, b. m. Kiteha. Tietjens & Watson, Sacramento, s. g. Roseburg.

A. Phillips, Lone, b. g. Lucky Dan. Albert Hiller, Sacramento, b. g. Achilles.

THIRD DAY.

Race No. 7. Pacing—2:35 class—Free for all.

W. W. Bates, Red Bluff, ch. g. John L. E. Downer, Oakland, ch. g. Haverly. C. O. Thornquest, Oakland, br. m. Gerster.

S. C. Tryon, Sacramento, blk. s. Costello. N. N. Craig, San Luis Obispo, b. s. Acrobats.

Sagarbush Trotting Nursery, Carson City, b. g. Sam Lewis.

Race No. 8. Trotting—2:35 class—Free for all.

W. W. Marshall, Willows, b. s. Stranger. S. K. Treffy, Sacramento, b. m. Dinah. T. E. Keating, Sacramento, ch. g. Frank M.

Race No. 9. Running—Three-fourths mile and repeat.

D. F. Hill, Red Bluff, b. m. Kiteha. J. G. Sohn, Oakland, ch. s. g. Wild Robin.

J. E. King, Woodland, b. m. Juanita. Tietjens & Watson, Sacramento, s. g. Roseburg.

A. Phillips, Lone, b. g. Lucky Dan. Albert Hiller, Sacramento, b. g. Achilles.

FOURTH DAY.

Race No. 10. Trotting—2:30 class—Free for all. Not filled. Will make special race instead.

Race No. 11. Not filled. Will make special race instead.

Race No. 12. Not filled. Will make special race instead.

FIFTH DAY.

Race No. 13. Pacing—2:20 class—Free for all.

G. W. Woodward, Yolo, br. m. Belle Button.

T. J. Powers, San Francisco, ch. g. Little Hop.

R. H. Newton, Woodland, br. g. Thomas Ryder.

Race No. 14. Trotting—2:27 class—Free for all.

Tietjens & Watson, Sacramento, b. s. Frank B.

J. E. Abbott, Table Bluff, b. s. Idaho Patchen.

L. Levy, San Francisco, ch. g. Johnnie Haywood.

T. E. Keating, Sacramento, ch. g. Frank M.

LARGE LAND SALE.

New York, August 12th.—Cyrus W. Field sold to Charles Henry Butler seven hundred acres of his magnificent Ardsley Park, at Dobbs' Ferry, New York. The consideration is said to be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

Pineapple-growing has become a large industry in Florida. The Melbourne News says: From 150 to 400 crates of pineapples come upon every trip of the St. Lucie. The crop has been an immense one this year on the lower river.

Ice is selling at twenty-five cents per 100 pounds at Macon, Ga.

## IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Circumstances Connected With the Killing of Martinez Sabral.

LEPROSY IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Conflict Between Kurds and Armenians—Cardinal Newman's Remains.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

## CENTRAL AMERICA.

Circumstances Connected with the Killing of Sabral.

New York, August 12th.—Private dispatches have been received in this city by the friends of Sabral, late President of the United States, that he had been killed by the untimely fate that had befallen him. The Minister, upon being discovered in alleged treachery toward Barillas, was condemned, without trial, to be shot. The Spanish Minister resident in Guatemala interceded with Barillas, who agreed to spare Sabral's life, but conveyed a court martial. This latter body, so it is asserted by the friends of Sabral, was entirely composed of men biased against Sabral, and these condemned him to be shot. It is said that just prior to his departure for Quetzaltenango, Barillas ordered some of his soldiers to conduct Sabral to the vaults penitentiary and there had him shot.

TROOPS ORDERED TO HOLD THEIR POSITION.

San Salvador, August 12th.—Salvadoran troops on the frontier are ordered to hold their present position, and not to assume the aggressive. Clothing and supplies have been sent to the front. It is expected the United States will soon recognize Exata's provisional rule, and preparations are being made to celebrate the event.

CITY OF MEXICO, August 12th.—There being a rumor here that Barillas had fled from Guatemala, a telegram of inquiry was sent, to which this reply was received: "I am here. I am at Barillas. Report that new conspiracies are on foot in Guatemala are officially denied."

There is a report that President Diaz has ordered the arrest of all main tenants who attempt to cross into Guatemala.

BARRIOS TO AID BARILLAS.

CITY OF MEXICO, August 12th.—General Barrios, who has been in San Francisco, where it was stated he is preparing to go, has been seen by President Barillas, who has gone to Guatemala and offered his sword to President Barillas against Salvador.

Reports that new conspiracies are on foot in Guatemala are officially denied.

WAR IMMINENT.

New York, August 12th.—A *Herald* San Salvador, special says: "War with Honduras now appears to be inevitable. The Honduran Government of Bogran claims to be satisfactory to the provisional President Exata. He is incensed beyond measure. Exata may take summary action at any time."

Several revolutions are said to be in progress in Honduras, although Bogran claims that he has routed all the malcontents, and that his country is at peace.

Active hostilities between Guatemala and Salvador have been suspended for nearly three weeks, but the armies of the two countries are camped within sight of each other.

## LEPROSY.

A New Brunswick Town Infected with the Disease.

TRACAPPE (N. B.), August 12th.—One has not been known to leprosy in this town since the arrival of the first ship. The disease is now spreading rapidly, and it is feared that it will soon be a general epidemic.

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It is reported that the disease is now spreading











## LE MOSE.

CATE LEE FERGUSON.

Lame Betty limped along the turn-row, and came to the cotton wagons just as they started to the gin-house with their last load. Mandy was sitting in the end one, on the highest pile, and her basket was alongside of her. "Where Mose?" said she. "I ain't seed him ter day."

"I don't keep dat boy in my pocket, nor in my bag needer," replied Betty, climbing on Pinkey's wagon.

When they got to the gin the sun was nearly down, and they had to "hustle up" before the overseer came. Mandy was tossing the cotton on the scaffold, while Sandra Black raked it up. "I speck Mose done run away," she said. "He got a lickin' 'gin this mornin' for dat prank he play las' night."

"What prank?" asked Sandy.

"Lord a massy, is you any nigger on Antler's plantation what is 'naut ob dat scallous boy's action? If you is, I'll tell you," Sandy said that was, and Mandy related what was pretty well known through the quarters, how Mose had got into overseer Randall's chicken house, and tied all the roosters together and let the hens out, then fastened a deer's horn on the old muley cow's head, who charged the milk woman wildly in the morning.

"Who find out all dis about Mose?" asked Sandy.

"Why, everybody knowed 'twas him, and then he neber made no denial ob it."

"Well, I seed him to-day, come out of his mammy's cabin. He axed her where Mose?"

"Yes, I is; I say to her just now, 'Where Mose?' and she got riled about it. You know Lame Betty exchanges no remarks on dat particular subject."

"Well," said Sandy, raking away for dear life, "I bet you my speckle hen Mose turn up 'fore dark."

"Sandy Black, dat's de wust boy on dis plantation, and he gwine to de debil faster den you is. I low you is de coutrager ob all his badness, and ef you don't look out you gwine to be ob you have engagements fur to wuk wid a red fork."

"Hah, hah, hah; just hear Mandy talk," laughed a gang close by.

"Miss Jones," says Sandy, pulling his wool to her, "I is lookin' and admirin' you. Dem eyes ob yours shine like rabbit, an' your mouf open like a condor, an' when you 'spress yourself wid your tongue, I kin just see how well de Lord hab made yo' palate," Sandy Black hollered.

She, jumping out of the wagon, "You is too high de color ob your name fur me to stand dem remarks," she said, and she jerked at her head handkerchief.

"Don't you pull off yer head handkercher at me Mandy, or I raker yer wuk, shose you born."

Mandy turned on him: "You see dis fork, you see dis shank, and you see dis knee, now I gwine to kick you off dis skaffling, shose you don't cominize your words."

The overseer looming in sight, there was no response, and she jumped back into the wagon, and drew the cotton for a while. A sort of groan or squeal was heard, and she drew back astonished.

"What's dat?" she thought, "I done struck my fork into?" Something was certainly moving under the cotton and raising it up like a great billow. She wanted to call Sandy, but was still smarting under his remarks. She ran her fork slowly in again, took up her shovel and pushed an open place; slowly a black head appeared. She ran her fork in the back of the white shirt before her, and straining every muscle drew up the fellow hidden under the cotton. "Who's dis, I say? Who's dis?" and her voice brought some of the others to look over the side of the wagon.

"Please God," exclaimed one, "it ain't little Mose." "Mose, you been here all day?" "How dat, when de wagon just while ago load?" said another.

The noise brought Mr. Randall out from the scaffold. By this time Mose was standing up, his big eyes shining brighter than Mandy's. He was a little, short negro, strong and compactly built; his eyes large, a broad forehead, not quite as full-lipped as usual, and a row of white teeth, that gave the mouth a jovial expression when he laughed. Just now he was looking anything but "jovial," and there was an ugly expression in his eyes when the overseer put his hand behind him for the long whip, which always hung at his belt. The first lick had rung on the negro's shoulders, and the hand was raised for the second, but ere it could descend it was caught in an iron grip and the jerk landed on the man's head, twisted into a knot and thrown whizzing away. Before any could recover from their astonishment the boy had leaped from the scaffold and ran like a deer through the field into the far-off woods.

The next day Randall went to the house to see the Colonel. There were in the dining-room before the fire, Mrs. Burton had Willie in her lap, and Lydia was in her riding habit, waiting to go out with her father. Colonel Burton laid his pipe with its long case on the mantelpiece as the overseer came into the room. It was always difficult for him to talk and smoke. Some men can, I know, but he always laid aside his pipe when he saw Randall coming.

"Colonel," he began, taking the seat offered him by the runaway boy, "Mose runned off again last night. I reckon we are going to have a pert old time finding him. He's the wust nigger you got on this place, and it's a pity you'd keep him; besides, he just acts like pison to them hands like Sandy."

"Of course you whipped him before he got off," said the master, opening his knife and trimming his nails. The overseer's face grew pretty red; then he spoke out: "Yes, Colonel, that was why I come to tell you. I'm most too mad to talk straight, but I did sleep a bit about day, if I was awake half the night thinking how I'd fix him when I sot hands on him agin." And with many a pause and interruption he told of the affair on the scaffold the evening before. The Colonel did not answer right away. He reached up and got his pipe off the mantel-piece. Then took his whistle out of his mouth and blew loud and long for "George." "Fill this, I rakes me out a coal, boy. Now, Randall, if you will just step outside I'll smoke a little; you can take a look at that sow and her little pigs by the stable while you are waiting. Maybe she will teach you a little muscle. I am sure you need it, need it bad, my man?" And so the crestfallen overseer walked out of the room. The Colonel laughed heartily.

"What are you going to do with little Mose, husband?" asked his wife. "He really must be managed, he is always giving trouble and running off when he is corrected."

"Little Mose turn me a boat," said Willie. "Let's turn him into a boat-man."

"He is the best cotton-picker I've got," spoke the master. "He took the prize last Christmas."

serves when he's caught. Yes, it must be stopped; I'll never do on earth to have him continually braving my overseer in this way. I'll go and tell Randall that he may just make an example of the fellow."

And rising, the Colonel placed his pipe again on the mantel and went out to meet his overseer, whom he saw returning to the house.

"I do hope he won't be too severe with little Mose," said Lydia. "Mamma, I never like to know of his being whipped."

"But, my dear, he deserves it; he is a very bad negro."

"Are you sure of that, mamma? We have only Randall's word. Mamma Judy says he'd do better if he wasn't whipped so often."

"Lydia, I must request that you talk less with the servants about your father's affairs. You do not know how necessary it is to punish disobedience, especially in little Mose, for I feel as if there was no good in him."

Her daughter was silent. It was not the first time she had "taken up" for little Mose, and sometimes saved him from a few extra licks. "Perhaps they are right," she thought; "but somehow I can't help but hope he'd do better by and by."

Mr. Randall did not find it such an easy task looking up little Mose. He was safely hid away in the cane, and it seemed as if he meant to stay there. Of course, his mammy, Lame Betty, knew his whereabouts, and she stole food and drink to him.

The time lengthened into days, then weeks, till three went by; still the Saturday night jubilee found little Mose kicking up his heels with the wild cats.

"I'm going to borrow old Dick Stow's nigger dogs," said the overseer one morning. "I reckon they'd fetch him. But somehow those blood hounds ran back and forth through the cane-brake, and they were missing for several days; and after a while two came back, and one never turned up at all; and the two that got home wouldn't run any more, and lay around good for nothing."

So things stood till the fall of the year began in earnest, and the wind blew right cool around the house and then everybody began to say "Maybe the cold would fetch little Mose home." For he ran away in September and now it was fast in November.

Mandy was stooping over the fire raking out potatoes one Saturday night when somebody rapped on her door.

"Who dat?" No answer. "Who dat I say?" Silence still. Hitting her stool closer to the corner, she rolled a hot potato back and forth in her lap to cool it. "If you don't give me no answer, you mought as 'fave come long in 'Tse settin down. The door slowly opened and a big head looked around the latch.

"Dat you Sandy? What for you prowling around here after?"

"Overseer say I kin get you to go up to de long round where de dance am. Ain't you gwine, Mandy?"

"I donno; de spirit neber mobe me ter-night."

"I speck you grieve 'bout Mose," laughed Sandy.

Mandy jumped up and said, more worried than angry: "Sandy, I gets tired of de same amusements from you all de time, and ef you jest step out o' dat do, I put on my clean coat and jine you to de long round." So saying, she shut the latch on her door, and taking a blue cotton dress off a peg, buttoned it up the back, fastened a fresh bandanna on her head, tied up her stockings with a string, greased her shoes, and covering up her feet, went out to find Sandy, and they trudged along to the end of the quarter, where the sound of a couple of "biddles" and rattle of bones proclaimed that the liveliest negroes on the plantation were shuffling away, as it were their custom to do every Saturday night.

There was a bright fire at one end, and in a corner a table piled with ginger cakes, pumpkin pies and hot cider. Mrs. Burton and Lydia were standing there, and every once and a while little Willie would come in the middle of the row and shuffle away with some pickaninny or cut in between the "set-tos."

When Mandy came in, she went over to "drap courtesy" to the missus. Sandy made his; walked around and pulled his wool, then with his hand almost closed, a pigeon wing over to one of the girls on the other side.

"What fur Mandy no dance?" asked several.

Lydia called her to the table, gave her some cake and pie. "I want to see you dance," she said, "you always do when I come, Mandy."

The girl looked down, and her young mistress saw a tear fall on the cake she had just handed her. "I got no heart, I shake foot now," says she. "Mis' Lydia, I was dat mean to him in de woods. Seems like I kin neber set to no more."

"Well, Mandy," said the fair girl, "don't you see Sandy is looking for you, and he want to see how nicely you can treat him. I have come here to-night just to see how you two shuffle."

Thus hidden, the nimble little dandy joined the other, who was already coming to the dance. Everybody cleared the floor for these two, for on all "Antler's" girls took the palm for their steps. The "white folks" always came to see them dance, and to-night they seemed to excel. Now here, now there, with a waist clasp, at others they were again the girl springing lightly to one side, her tight blue dress showing her shapely limbs, while her head held up high, was set off by her bright handkerchief; while now and then the white teeth shined as she laughed behind her. Nor was his any the less graceful or attractive figure, with his loose, white breeches and clean shirt; a yellow scarf around his waist and waving a bane and red handkerchief over his head. Whirling, bending, pursuing, panning, and finally overcome, he at last catches the girl in his arms and they both fall exhausted on a bench, while another couple takes the floor.

In a little while Mrs. Burton and Lydia went back to the house, little Willie riding astride of "chub Sam's" shoulders, with his white hands dug into his wool. "Don't hol' on so tight, Mas' Willie," laughed he, "fore God, I mos' feel my back lift up."

"Git up, Git up, pony," cried Willie, thumping his heels on the negro's broad chest.

"Never mind, yo' trus' 'em so, he gwinter trow yo'."

And thus playing and laughing, they came up to the bright light shining from the Colonel's library window; and went in, to find him just knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

It was not long before the plantation bell pealed and the air, and soon all was quiet; the house fires were low, and after the overseer had made his rounds, the usual stillness settled on "Antler's." The hounds were all in their kennel, save Decker, the sick one, and Rufus, who lay on a saddle blanket at the kitchen door. The two white setters, Madge and Maud, were in the hall, most likely on their long sofa, which they took good care to leave before the maid came in.

It must have been about 3 o'clock in the morning, when Rufus opened his eyes, stretched out his limbs for a moment, then closing them again. All was, or seemed to be, silent, but in a few moments the dog again opened his eyes, raised his head and listened. A soft, crackling sound struck on his ear. Rising, he walked slowly to the edge of the gallery, his immense yellow form indistinctly showing in the starlight. And opening his wide, loose jaw, there came forth one of those long, low, far-off howls, in which he gathered in strength until it would almost arouse the sleepers in the tomb.

Colonel Burton sat up in bed and faced the hissing red light that was thrown upon him through the door opposite. The

house was on fire. In an instant he was on his feet, and dragging his wife from the fire into the hall. Lydia was sleeping in the room opposite, and awoke at the sound of her father's voice.

Mrs. Burton was almost fainting. "Willie!" cried the father, "see to Willie!" The girl flew out of the back door while her mother and father, both blind, and with her hand on the nursery door she fell fainting on its threshold.

By this time the yard was full of negroes, who were wildly stripping the house of its furniture and valuables, while many carried buckets of water from the stream near by. All was confusion; and Mrs. Burton lying on a sofa under a tree suddenly awoke to consciousness when Lydia, slightly burned, was brought to her in the arms of a bulky negro.

But Willie, where was he? "Husband!" she cried, "our boy!" Then did the father realize that the idol of his heart was amid those licking flames, which rose between him and the nursery, where the fire seemed to be, though it was almost under control now; and the overseer's loud voice could be heard above the uproar, giving directions, now here, now there.

Framed against the sky, all red with sparks, a long line of negroes, and their united effort with those below would subdue the flames, thus saving the four large front rooms and the massive piazza.

With a terrible cry the now frantic father rushed forward to save his only child. A dozen strong arms barred his way, and the pleading voices of his slaves rang on his ear. "Master! master! don't go! You'll be burnt to a cinder, and no good done." But, wild with grief, the man struggled, and he rushed to perhaps certain death, but at that moment a dark form sprang before him and felled him to the ground, where he lay almost unconscious. As his wife reached him and was bending over him, a hand was laid on her shoulder and a voice whispered: "I did it a purpose. He ain't hurt." And the next moment something swift and doubled up like a ball darted into the burning building.

Others saw it, too, and held their breath. How madly the flames seemed still to leap! How wildly the sparks still flew, and how useless seem that rush into the jaws of death! Would he return or perish beside the child he sought to save?

What is that—moving, moving—under the house, knocking, bumping against the pillars thereof? It looks like a dog. Perhaps the big brown Newfoundland so fond of Willie.

Nearer and nearer it comes, but, oh, how slowly! It is now as it reaches the outer edge of the gallery it is almost crawling. Out into the glowing darkness it comes, almost creeping, and reached at last the group before the building. Staggering forward, in hand was laid on her shoulder and a voice whispered: "I did it a purpose. He ain't hurt." And the next moment something swift and doubled up like a ball darted into the burning building.

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## TO RUN A NEWSPAPER.

HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO ESTABLISH A DAILY OR WEEKLY.

Enormous Expense of Starting and Running a Daily in New York—Some Interesting Facts.

Most newspapers are started to "fill a long-felt want," says Allan Forman, in the *Springfield Republic Times*. Sometimes the only man who really feels the want is the man who starts the paper, and he does not feel it very acutely until after he has been running it for a while.

The bright newspaper man is the editor who starts a newspaper to supply a want which is just beginning to be felt; in other words, one who is just ahead of the times—not too far ahead—but just far enough to let his paper grow with the "want" and increase it. After a "want" has been felt for a long time the people get used to it. It is the newest "want" that is the first to be satisfied.

But supposing the man who wants to start a paper has chosen an active, growing town of say 5,000 inhabitants, and after carefully looking over the ground has decided to establish a weekly paper. How much will it cost him for his plant and running expenses? How much capital will be required?

He wants an eight-page paper of, we will say, six columns to the page, forty-eight columns in all. From twelve to sixteen of these columns will be devoted to advertising, the remainder to news and miscellaneous reading matter. The first point he must decide upon is whether he will use a "patent inside," or ready print or "plate," or ready set matter. In the one case he gets his paper half printed; in the other he buys such matter as he may select, in column stereotyp plates. The "patent inside" is not so satisfactory in the long run as the other. It does not allow him the same latitude in editing his own paper.

The greatest objection is that the time is likely to come when the editor would like to throw out a page or part of a page of miscellaneous matter to make room for a local news item or an unexpected advertisement. The ready print is inflexible. There are four pages which he cannot touch. If, on the other hand, he is using plates, he can leave out a column, or saw off a paragraph, or if for any reason he so desires, set his whole paper at home, though this, under ordinary circumstances and present conditions, is the height of folly for the average country weekly.

A part of the paper must consist of general news, stories, short paragraphs and special articles. All except the purely local news can be bought ready set much more cheaply than it could be set in the office, and it leaves the editor time to use his local page space with all the news he can gather and all the originality that is in him.

Foreign matter always comes from agencies in the case of a cheap paper, except that which is rewritten from the local newspapers. It is not uncommon, however, to have a foreign correspondent who mails a letter each week. For this he may be paid anywhere from \$10 to \$100 in the case of a resident correspondent.

In the business office the expenses would be about as follows:

Manager	\$35 to \$75
Advertising solicitor	30 to 50
Editor	30 to 50
Two editors	30 to 50
Two clerks	20 to 30
Total	\$110 to \$245

A resume of the whole expense, outside of the mechanical department, including the rent, which may vary from the floor at \$25 a week to a building at \$300, would make the pay-roll of a four-page daily foot up to something between \$1,100 and \$2,500 a week.

This is leaving the Sunday paper out of the question, and making no allowance for paper, ink, presswork, cost of plant or composition, and so on, which it is impossible to make even approximate figures of. The paper may be printed on a single perfecting press costing about \$18,000, or it may require two or three \$36,000 presses. The paper may cost \$25 to \$2,500 a week, according to the edition printed. Rates of composition vary in every city in the Union, and other expenses are larger or smaller, as the methods of circulation, the liberality or economy of the management and the style of the paper may dictate.

It is impossible to give any exact figures without knowing all about the city in which a paper is to be published, its surroundings and conditions. It would, no doubt, be possible to run a daily paper in some sections on \$400 or \$500 a week, and from that start to the *World's* \$15,000 is a big jump—especially when pay day comes. I have endeavored to present a fair average, not an exact figure, for the information of newspaper men as for the great outside public, who have very little idea of the details involved in the publication of a newspaper and the expenditure of hard cash required before it is possible to put a paper fairly on its feet.

If it makes a single ambitious individual pause to calculate the cost before he sinks his hard cash in this most uncertain of businesses, or, better still, if it brings home to the readers any idea of the expense and labor to which the publisher and subscriber and the delinquent pay up, the object of this article will be accomplished.

He who buys his four pages of plates for about \$3 a week, and can, if he uses good taste in the selection, give his readers articles by the very best writers, illustrated by leading newspaper artists, matter which would cost him \$25 or \$30 a column, and who can, in addition, get the fact that the same matter is used by another paper in another town does not interfere with its value to him in the least, and it enables the plate matter concerns to furnish it to him at a surprisingly low figure.

He will need type enough to set four pages, with a fair margin for standing matter and emergencies of about 275 pounds. This will cost him, if new, about 55 cents a pound, or if purchased second-hand, about 20 cents a pound. Cases to hold the type, forming stone, composing sticks, galleys, furniture, sidesticks, and all the smaller items required in the composing-room, which are so trifling in themselves, but which mount up so in the long run, will cost him about \$100 more. His press, if run by hand-power—and very good presses some of them are, too—can be bought for \$800 to \$1,200.

All this material can be purchased for credit on small terms, or on a cash basis, or on a mortgage. But it is more economical in the long run to buy for cash and get the benefit of the large discounts allowed. Office rent varies so much in different localities that it would be impossible to take it into consideration in a general article.

Roughly speaking, a man is very foolish to attempt to start a country weekly with less than \$2,000 capital, and if he has \$4,000 he chances of success—other things being equal—are doubled.

For a daily, the cost of the plant, except for white paper, is not so much larger as one would at first glance suppose. The daily is not, as a rule, so large as the weekly, and while the office expenses, compositors, editors and assistants in every department are largely increased, not very much more type and material will be required than on a weekly. The cost of type-setting varies in different localities,

but good compositors can be had at from \$12 to \$15 a week. A weekly will require two or three a day, eight or nine. On a weekly the editor is frequently a practical printer, and can take a hand at the case or the make-up; he is also his own editor, business manager and reporter, or he may have one assistant at an average salary of \$15 a week.

The salary list of a country weekly in a small town should not go above \$40 a week. It frequently does not go above \$25. A daily cannot be run for much less than \$130 a week expended in salaries alone. The service of one of the press associations will cost about \$40 or \$50 a month, and about \$25 a week extra for telegraphic tolls, varying according to the location of the paper. This expense can be avoided by the use of "news plates," if the location of the paper will admit of such an arrangement.

In the establishment of either a small daily or country weekly the arrangements are very inexpensive and simple in comparison to those necessary for the establishment of a daily in one of the larger cities. There have to be taken into calculation the cost of correspondents in various points, a large force of compositors, editors, proofreaders and the like. The *New York World* has, for example, over 600 regular employees on its salary list, and the weekly pay roll amounts to upwards of \$15,000.

In addition to those who are regularly engaged by the papers there are nearly 1,000 more correspondents scattered all over the world who are paid for what they send in. There are papers in New York which have been losing anywhere from \$750 to \$2,500 a week for the last six or seven years, and which are merely kept alive to gratify the ambition of the owners or to serve the ends of a party. The presses alone on which the *World* is printed cost an aggregate of \$300,000, and the money it spends every week for paper and ink would keep many a country weekly going for a year.

With less than a quarter of a million dollars capital it would be worse than folly to attempt to start a daily morning paper in New York. The idea that there is "no room" for one is the veriest nonsense. There is always room for a newspaper which is better—which will please the public better—than those which now exist. What is needed to start one is plenty of money to spend and plenty of nerve and brains to direct the expenditure.

In calculating on a four-page paper the proportion of space occupied by the several departments varies, because the second page rarely has more than two columns of news and the editorial therefore takes up a heavier per cent. Supposing the four-page paper to be seven columns to a page and to contain ten columns of advertisements, the space occupied by news will be about as follows:

Local, 6 columns—Washington, 1 column;	
telegraph, 4 columns; foreign, 1 column;	
editorial, 5 columns—17 columns. The remaining column would probably be given up to local, as small papers always are strongly local in character.	

These figures are for a live daily paper in a city not so large as New York or Chicago, but still of a city of considerable size and importance. Such a paper should have from 25,000 to 35,000 circulation. In every city of the Union conditions vary so that it is almost impossible to make an absolutely accurate list of the staff which which would be required. Along the Mississippi the "river editor" is a very important personage, in other cities the "social editor" is in the West the "mining editor," and in some places the "land editor" takes the place of some one of those mentioned in the following schedule, which is calculated on the basis of New York. The salaries staff would be:

Two edit. writers	\$30 and \$40
Managing editor	40-100
Editor	40-60
City editor	50-75
Four copy readers at \$35	140
Sporting editor	35-75
Dramatic and musical critic	35-50
Eight city editors	280-350
Shipping	30-40
Railroads	30-40
Wall street	30-40
Total	\$115-185

A city staff of twelve reporters on salaries ranging from \$15 to \$30 per week would cost about \$250—or on space and time, as is the rule in New York, the schedule would be as follows:

City staff twelve reporters, writing forty-two columns in six days.	
Space.	Time.
At \$5 per column.....\$210	At 30c per hour.....\$72
At \$6 per column.....\$252	At 40c per hour.....\$96
At \$7 per column.....\$294	At 50c per hour.....\$120

This makes the reporters cost for six days from \$282 to \$444. The time average is put at twenty hours per week per man. It brings up the hourly cost of the matter in the paper from \$87 to \$1,219 per week.

Several of the New York papers pay \$8 per column for regular news, \$10 to \$20 for special matter, and anywhere up in the hundreds for "leads."

The Washington office may require one or two men. If one, he will get from \$35 to \$60. The second will cost \$25 to \$30, giving the expenses from \$35 to \$90 per week.

The Albany office will cost nearly, if not quite as much more. Other correspondents are generally paid on space for their work. Twenty-four columns of telegraph will consist, if a news agency franchise is obtained, of sixteen columns from this and eight from specials, the latter costing—for six columns, \$48; for seven columns, \$56; for five columns, \$40.

The press association franchises and services vary in cost in almost every city in the Union. In New York the Associated Press franchise is valued, for a morning newspaper, at \$250,000; for an evening paper, at something over \$100,000. This membership in the Associated Press and the figures are obtained from the *United Press and Express*. The United Press services cost about \$200 a week.

The telegraph tolls on the twenty columns of telegraph from Washington, Albany and New York would amount to about \$100 per week. This expense would rarely be diminished and often increased in the case of important happenings, to which extra space would be given.



